.50 " year

OCTOBER, 1944

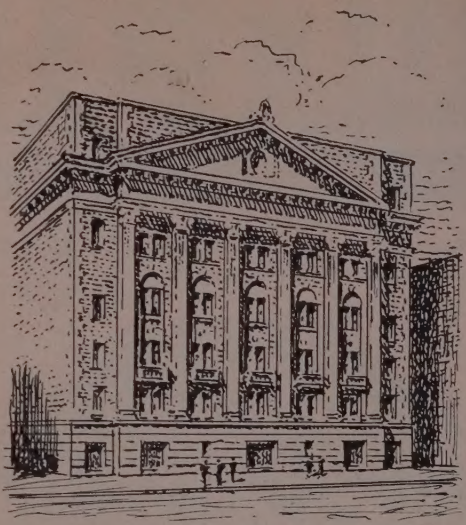
The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

As I Grow Old

God keep my heart attuned to laughter
When youth is done.
When all the days are gray days, coming after
The warmth, the sun.
Ah! Keep me then from bitterness, from grieving,
When life seems cold;
God keep me always loving and believing
As I grow old.

—Author Unknown



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Vol. XXI **October, 1944** *Number 7*

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence at Sheridan

33rd Year

✦ ✦ ✦

Opening Regular Wednesday Night Book Lecture

NOVEMBER 1st, 1944–8:00 o'clock sharp
and every Wednesday night thereafter

✦ ✦ ✦

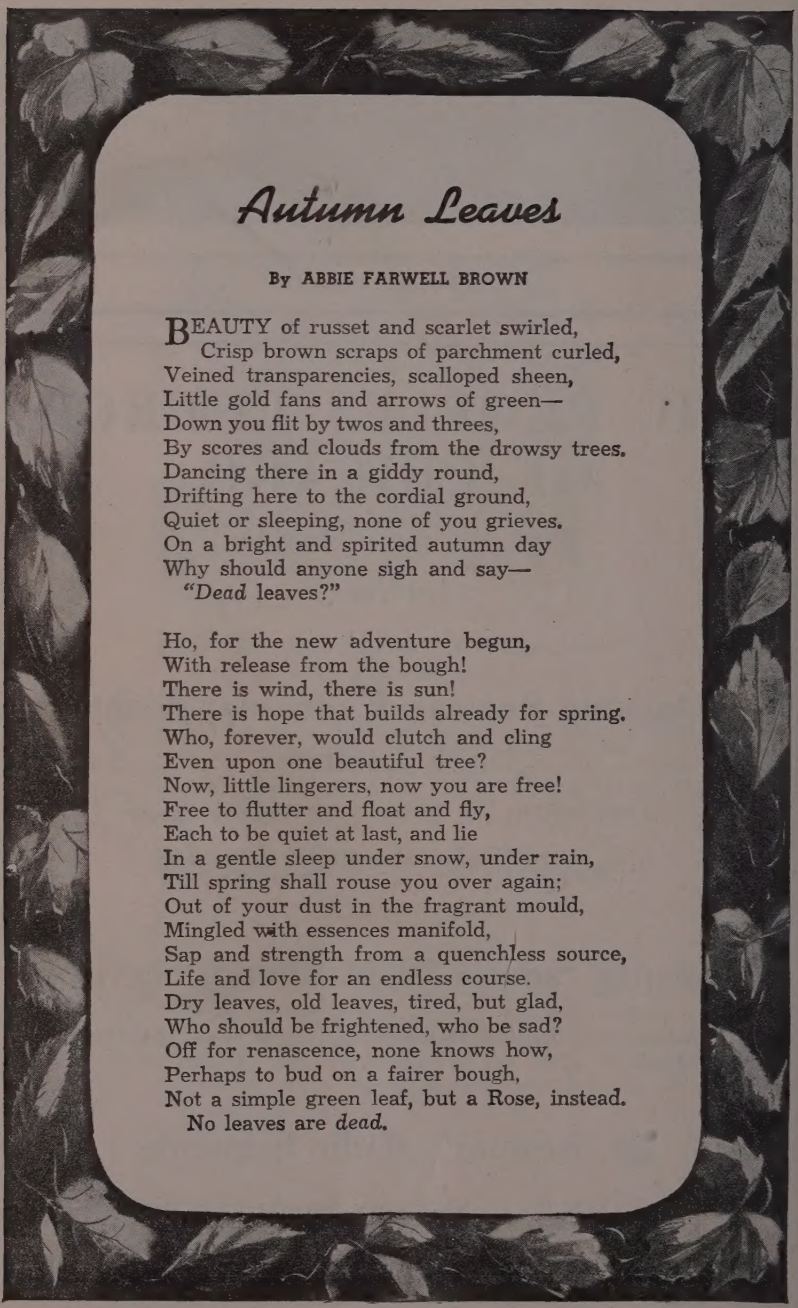
Opening Sunday Night Church Service

Sunday evening, NOVEMBER 5th, 1944–7:30-9:00

✦ ✦ ✦

Dr. Bradley's Radio Schedule

WJJD–11:00-12:30–Every Sunday morning
WGN – 6:00 p.m.–Monday through Friday



Autumn Leaves

By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

BEAUTY of russet and scarlet swirled,
Crisp brown scraps of parchment curled,
Veined transparencies, scalloped sheen,
Little gold fans and arrows of green—
Down you flit by twos and threes,
By scores and clouds from the drowsy trees.
Dancing there in a giddy round,
Drifting here to the cordial ground,
Quiet or sleeping, none of you grieves.
On a bright and spirited autumn day
Why should anyone sigh and say—
"*Dead* leaves?"

Ho, for the new adventure begun,
With release from the bough!
There is wind, there is sun!
There is hope that builds already for spring.
Who, forever, would clutch and cling
Even upon one beautiful tree?
Now, little lingerers, now you are free!
Free to flutter and float and fly,
Each to be quiet at last, and lie
In a gentle sleep under snow, under rain,
Till spring shall rouse you over again;
Out of your dust in the fragrant mould,
Mingled with essences manifold,
Sap and strength from a quenchless source,
Life and love for an endless course.
Dry leaves, old leaves, tired, but glad,
Who should be frightened, who be sad?
Off for renascence, none knows how,
Perhaps to bud on a fairer bough,
Not a simple green leaf, but a Rose, instead.
No leaves are *dead*.

"A PATTERN FOR FREEDOM"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

"ON MY arrival in Chicago yesterday morning, I immediately consulted all of the newspapers of the city which publish announcements of the various religious services, and read those religious pages very carefully and then I read the announced subjects of all the ministers and rabbis who are speaking today, that I could possibly find, and I ran into what is, to me, rather of an inexplicable condition.

So far as I could discover and know—and I should be very happy to have anyone inform me otherwise if I am mistaken in the generality of this remark—so far as I know, not a single church, Catholic, Jewish or Protestant, in the city of Chicago, is observing today Constitution Sunday. I have listened since seven o'clock this morning to all of the religious broadcasts available. I have listened to Columbia Church of the Air, to the National Vesper Service, to all of the many varieties of Fundamentalist preachers; I was listening until I left my study at 10:30 this morning to come to the Church, and I have not heard one solitary person, not one, in all the broadcasts, mention that this is Constitution Sunday. To me, that is an interesting paradox, for I think the obligation of religion, Catholic, Jewish and Protestant, to the Constitution of the United States is an obligation that none of us ever can repay. And to think that this day,—and this is the actual anniversary, 157 years ago—as far as our own metropolitan area is concerned, the celebration or the commemorating of this day should be left to politicians, and that in this democracy we should think of Constitution Day as something that could be neglected!

I know there are those who feel they can with propriety raise against a minister who speaks on the Constitution of the United States and the general subject of "A Pattern for Freedom," the accusation of taking into the pulpit matters which properly should be left outside of it. They feel we should not discuss the Constitution, should not observe it in the Church. I assume that the reason some of my friends and colleagues are today neglecting to give an address based on any aspect of the Constitution is because they feel that it is an introduction into the pulpit of material which is not consonant with the preaching of religion. I do not hold such a view. The reason that the world is in the tragic situation it is in today is largely to be found in the refusal of the constructive and creative ideas and moralities of religion to be applied in the practical areas of humanity. I do not divorce from the pulpit anything which concerns a human being as to their economic, industrial, governmental, educational or religious life. We are all composite characters: we must eat, we must be clothed, we must have shelter, we must be free, and anything which jeopardizes those things in the achievement of the individual is fundamentally anti-religious.

We have emphasized the distinctions between man's religious life and man's active daily experiences. I cannot do it. It is just as religious for me to stand in the pulpit this morning and pay my homage to the Constitution of the United States as it is to recite the Apostles' Creed, and who knows, per-

haps it is more religious, for people have been reciting the Apostles' Creed for nineteen centuries and we still have poverty, and sickness, and disease, and *WAR.* We have got to do something besides reciting creeds: *WE HAVE GOT TO PUT THE CREEDS INTO OPERATION IN HUMAN LIFE AND WE HAVE GOT TO DO THAT UNDER THE REGULARLY CONSTITUTED PROCESSES OF GOOD GOVERNMENT!* The reason we have so many crooks in politics is because the non-crooks have not been interested enough to organize to put out the crooks. The reason we have economic and industrial corruption is because the people who know what they want, when they want it, know how to organize and get it, and the rest, instead of organizing to prevent them from doing it, criticize them. We get just the kind of government we deserve. So I don't apologize on Constitution Day; I am standing in the presence of those men this morning with such a veneration that it almost approximates an idolatry.

I see the venerable, scholarly, masterly Benjamin Franklin; I see the great exponent of democratic idealism, Thomas Jefferson. Thomas Jefferson stood in the convention, after his plea for the adoption of the Bill of Rights in the Constitution, and said: "I refuse to be a part of any process which will enslave the mind of man"—Thomas Jefferson in 1787 . . . "I refuse to be a part of any process that will enslave the mind of man." There is a pattern for freedom! Thomas Jefferson, the great liberal, Thomas Jefferson who took out of the Bible everything except the words of Jesus. He took the words of Jesus, bound them in a book and Thomas Jefferson said: "This is my Bible, these words put into action are my religion." He was one of the constitutional fathers and that is why his heart vibrates to the strings in the first words of the Constitution, of the Bill of Rights. He was dominated by the imperative of freedom and he knew what all students and scholars and historians and philosophers always know, that you cannot throw out an absolutism like the idea of freedom and trust it against the background of man's hate and jealousy and avarice. Jefferson knew, Madison knew, Franklin knew, that you have to constitute a base of operation under certain definite organizational principles and operate within the structure. That's the reason we have lasted: that's the reason!

Why, in a world of revolution and turmoil,—France with half a dozen revolutions and three republics, Great Britain with nearly a hundred years of magnificent evolutionary struggles in the realm of government, the domination of Cromwell which resulted in the restoration of Charles II, the great struggle for the Bill of Rights, and then came the United States of America, youngest of them all, Mother of all faiths, races, creeds, colors, then came the experimental episodes immediately at the conclusion of 1918 and 1920, and the great genius of Czechoslovakia, Thomas Masaryk, who dreamed of a republic, fashioned after the Republic of the United States, in the heart of Europe, captured the imagination of the Carpathians, the Ruthenians, the Czechs and the Slovakians, only to have that little experiment in less than a quarter of a century fall under the tirades of one under a falsification of language and loyalties, until its men have fought side by side in every allied army of this tragedy, waiting for the hour of restoration when the dream will haunt them into action again,—but through it all the United States of America's unbroken 157-year Constitution.

Changes? Of course! Growth? That's the principle of life. If you cannot grow you cannot develop, you cannot change, you are dead. Death is the negation of growth. Evolution? Yes, it is all there for the whole 157 years. The ablest jurists, the products of the finest legal experiences of the nation, have been compelled to decide in decision after decision what is the Constitution, and they are still doing it, so much so that in a moment of flippancy a President of the United States once made the remark that the Constitution of the United States is what the Supreme Court says it is, and yet there stands Marshall, and there stands Holmes. Marshall, who fought in the Revolutionary War, an early intellectual light of the early 19th century, and Holmes, who fought in the Civil War and the greatest philosophical intellect ever to sit in the Supreme Court—Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Marshall, utilizing their great intellects, their philosophy of the law, their understanding of historical processes, their conception of a republic, all unto the integration for the solidity and solidarity of man's pattern for freedom. And yet, slavery existed in the country after the adoption of the Bill of Rights and the Constitution in 1787, and men were still slaves until Lincoln; and yet under the same document women were not allowed public office or the privilege of voting and not treated as co-equals with men, all under a Constitution. It took an amendment to that Constitution to lift womankind out of the category of "idiots and insane people" and dignify her with a vote.

I will never forget the time I walked down Michigan Avenue between Antoinette Funk and Jane Addams carrying a little American flag . . . I was a very young preacher, that was years ago . . . I was out on the firing line then, just as I am going to be now and will be until I die. I am never going to develop into a tired old conservative, I'll tell you that. I am going to get worse as I grow older and the more causes I can find the better I am going to like it, and if I make a few people angry, I cannot help that, I have been doing that all of my life; I have got to keep that up.

Now, these are going to be great days. I remember when I was a young preacher and I walked down Michigan Avenue and right in front of us a couple of women were carrying a banner that said: "Votes for Women" and some of the remarks that were passed to me and a few more of the men in that procession would not be allowed over the radio at this particular moment. I stood my fort and I was sincere about it. I thought that all we had to do to clean up the United States was to let women vote and we got a constitutional amendment to that effect. Finally, what did it do? Apparently, it has only made more votes to count, for women break up into the same political segments and are amenable to the same prejudices as men. So we have just more votes to count, the problems have not been solved—not yet. The women of America unitedly acting under the imperative of what constitutes the finest quality of womankind, if they would ever stand together, once, just once, could change the whole situation of this nation, but they will never do it, never.

We had to go on through the years until we got the amendment, but oh, the basis, the structure! There was Alexander Hamilton who was an attorney, and there sat Thomas Jefferson. Alexander Hamilton said: "Elect a president for life!" Alexander Hamilton said that, and we have pretty nearly done it. "Elect a Supreme Court for life, elect a Senate for life, a House

for eight years and a permanent monetary system." Thomas Jefferson on the other side of the table said: "Elect the President for 4 years, the Senate for 4 years, the House for 2 years, the Supreme Court for 8 years; keep this thing close to the source of government."

That's what Jefferson said and they both made pleas for their respective positions. And there sat in that convention . . . there were only 55 delegates entitled to go to begin with. Rhode Island was not represented. I do not quite know why Rhode Island refused to send a commissioner and would not vote. I am not saying anything about Rhode Island as it is now, I am talking about it a century and a half ago. There were only 55 of them and 11 would not sign it at all and it was finally signed by only 39. And there sat the geniuses of political philosophy, men who knew the sweep of history, the struggles of the human race, evolving down through the centuries, in its fight against poverty, economic disaster, iniquity; men who knew the two motifs dominating the heart of man, the unobstructed quest for God crystallized in man's religion and the other one, to be free. Religion and freedom were inseparable. You cannot separate them, they are bound together. There is no religion without freedom, and there is no freedom without religion; none in the world, and there never can be. There sat these men and they said to Hamilton: "Hamilton, you are wrong," and they said to Jefferson: "Jefferson, you are wrong. What we propose to do is to bind these twelve states of ours into a United States of America, send this Constitution back to their respective legislatures for endorsement, and take the best of Mr. Hamilton and the best of you, Mr. Jefferson; we will take the best that you have to offer and we will put it together, we will write a document." And General Washington arose and said: "Gentlemen, if we do not write this document in ink we will write it in blood," but they wrote it, and as a great stabilizing, steadying influence the new nation reached out and the forests of Ohio and Pennsylvania and Illinois were felled, and the prairies of the Dakotas, Iowa, Nebraska, started producing their grain, and a railroad crept across a nation, and man came to the Rockies. He did not go under them, he did not go over them, he went through them, until this nation became the nation that is the last great hope for all the world. You can stand in a day of perfect mirage on the Behring Sea and you can see the wastes of Siberia reflected in your vision. The conquest of the pioneer is over and the world is now one. You can whisper and they can hear you everywhere, and the blood of America is mingling with the finest blood in Europe, in the jungles of the southern Pacific islands, in the ruddy paths in the sea. Through it all we have kept the right of a free people to function in every problem and difficulty that we have, and we will see it through into the tomorrow, for no one man in America is big enough or powerful enough to stop or wreck America, and no one man in it is big enough to save it! It is America—your job and my job—the job of us all, "We, the people, do ordain and establish the Constitution of the United States of America!"

Taken From Dr. Bradley's Latest Book "My Daily Strength"

A FREE AMERICAN

The world must rebuild itself on the fundamental, aesthetic principles that human life is valuable and beautiful.

I am free as an American only because I am willing to die as an American that freedom may not perish from the earth!

We are grateful for America—more grateful than we can ever say—and may we be more deeply aware and definitely concerned with the place each one of us must occupy before we can have the realization of our hopes and dreams of a better world for us all.

May our gratitude for our citizenship not be confined to words, but may we speak more eloquently and more effectively in expressing our gratitude by our deeds.

From the highest executive of our people to the humblest citizen may we have a new birth of freedom and may we see more clearly than we ever have seen before the true significance of this hour. May we be grateful that we have been placed in the heart of it and that an opportunity of such unprecedented proportions rests upon us.

So may we use this moment as a moment of consecration and dedication.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church,
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

Dear Member:

Have you renewed your subscription to the church and to the periodicals, "The Liberalist" and "The Dial"?

PRESTON BRADLEY.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS A YEAR—FIFTEEN CENTS PER COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

WE assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

IN A little magazette which comes to my desk regularly, I read these lines from Lulu Linton:

When you wake up in the morning of a chill and cheerless day,
And feel inclined to grumble, pout or frown,
Just glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's just because the corners of your mouth turn down.
Then take this simple rhyme,
Remember it in time:
It's always dreary weather, in country-side or town,
When you wake and find the corners of your mouth turned down.

If you wake up in the morning full of bright and happy thoughts,
And begin to count the blessings in your cup,
Then glance into your mirror and you will quickly see
It's all because the corners of your mouth turn up.
Then take this little rhyme,
Remember all the time:
There's joy a-plenty in this world to fill life's silver cup
If you'll only keep the corners of your mouth turned up.

Perhaps life isn't quite as simple as those lines would have us believe, but from the time the little lad runs down the walk to the gate with his father who is leaving on his way to his work or his office, and looks up in his face and says "Goodbye, Daddy, I'll be watching for you when you come home," life is filled with watchfulness, and being "On the Watch" is one of life's great privileges, as indeed it is one of life's great responsibilities. The most effective and the most beautiful things in life, are the human things, those experiences within the area of human appreciation. Life was made for loveliness and beauty—Life was not meant to be enveloped in decay and stench and dissipation and lust and cruelty and avarice and sorrow until life creates such an agony within that you cannot sleep—you cannot eat and life seems terrible—the difficulties and problems become acute and pour

into your life. Why is there agony? Conscience speaks! Conscience is the agony of an imprisoned ideal—imprisoned and seeking, struggling for release from the imprisonment, and the release cannot come until the windows are opened and the cleanliness and the beauty of love and honor and goodness and helpfulness and courage sweep into the citadel of our lives; and that conscience that has hammered, hammered, hammered, hammered away at us and said: "Why do you do that, it is not really you; why do you say those things, it is not you talking; why are your hands bloody with the assassination that you have brought to your fellowmen, sometimes your friends; and your own hands drip blood, the blood of your friends. Why do you do these things?" The ideal imprisoned in your soul! On the watch is that ideal —for you, just as the policy of watchfulness is a virtue and a necessary procedure for every well fortified life. On watch for every emanation, everything, every thought—you don't have to go out on the streets of Chicago and violate the city civil code to be a criminal, you don't have to do something the result of which lands you in the meshes of the law to be a criminal. I can be a criminal with my thoughts, and the watchfulness which I must exercise over those thoughts is a virtue which if followed would transform a hundred thousand lives before another day. You say to me, "O, Doctor Bradley, I cannot help thinking these things; I cannot help thinking this bad thought, this vile thought; I cannot help thinking of this thing of lust that rots the soul, I cannot help it." I know you cannot. Of course, you cannot. There is not a human mind that can prevent the intrusion of destructive thoughts; you cannot help it, but I can tell you what you can help; the watchfulness which you exercise over the kind of thoughts that you permit to dwell with you! I cannot keep the bad thoughts out of my mind, but I can keep that thought from finding favorable environment in which to linger; I cannot help thinking the bad thought, I cannot help that, but I can keep from harboring it! Do you see the point? There are many people who think that there is no penalty in thinking vile thoughts. They say, "I am not a criminal, I have never been arrested, I am accepted socially in my group, I have never done anything that I thought was wrong," but their minds, sometimes are cesspools and they sit and harbor and toy and fondle thoughts that in their viciousness are building moment by moment wider thresholds, wider spaces, so the first thing you know these valuable, beautiful minds of ours that ought to be filled with constructive and creative thinking, because we went off watch and off guard, finally destroy us utterly, demolish us. Do you see what I mean by being "On the watch?" See the man on the ship, where the great phrase in the nautical world is "On the watch!" I never realized the immensity of the analogy until I stood on the bow of a little ship out of Reykjavick, Iceland, on my way to Bergen, Norway, a little ship of less than 4,000 tons. Way up in the bow at midnight I was speaking with that Norwegian sailor on watch and I said to him. "Is yours a very important place on this ship, sailor? Here you are down here not anywhere near the bridge, the only contact you have with the bridge is the bell that you ring at the hour. After all, don't you get sleepy on this midnight watch?" He turned to me and said something I have never forgotten. "Do you know, sir, I am the most important man on this ship?" and I said to myself, "I

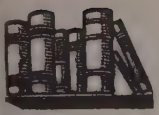
am the most important man on this ship of life!" I, and you, and you, we are on watch and our vision should be so sensitive and our line of conception so accurate and our perspective so highly developed with such nicety and distinction that we become sensitive to every influence and every faculty that could possibly disturb the moral equilibrium of our lives and souls so that the imprisoned ideal may be liberated to have full sway over our individual selves! Will you try it? Conscience will tell you. It is telling you now, some of you, and this moment will be for you the beginning of a redemptive life. You are going on watch. Oh! had we been on watch when the forces of iniquity and demolition and devastation and despair were settling down in a well authenticated pattern of world operation! We were not on the watch; we went to sleep; and now when we thought the ideals of friendship, brotherhood, honor, tolerance, love, kindness, and all the virtues that constitute the excellency of every decent and beautiful thing in the world were being realized, we are experiencing the depths and the agony of a ghastly and unspeakable tragedy, war, in order to wake us up. We were buying more food than we could eat, and more clothes than we could wear, and the prophets who stood at the temple courts, called our attention to the economic disaster which threatened us and the world in 1926, '27, '28 —we went to sleep! Then came 1929, and those awful ten years, and then came Pearl Harbor, and now because we lacked the courage and the vision of being wide awake, we are paying the penalty, just as Europe is today being penalized. Mr. Churchill said to Czecho-Slovakia, when they were strong and to Poland when it was strong: "Now is the hour for the confederation of the European democracies against the growing might and power of Hitler!" But every one of them said: "No, Mr. Churchill, that means war. We are afraid that our neutrality will be violated if we enter into a European confederation." Not federation, but confederation, where no nation would lose its sovereignty nor its neutrality, but in a confederation of its power, would overcome the menace of the growing power of Hitler. They all said, "We must remain neutral." They all said "Neutrality; we want to choose when we shall go to war," and so they had gone to sleep and there was no choice. Choice of a neutrality with a Hitler loose in the world?

God, how deeply we slept and we left watch; and now we say we are going back on watch for our civilization, we are going back on watch for our country, our world, and the mud and callouses and fear and hesitancy that our faithlessness put there, are now being washed away from us by the blood of our own men and boys. We shall not repeat this mistake!

From a little book of poems by Angela Morgan called "Gold on Your Pillow" are these verses from her poem "Reality":

"Would man but grasp, with focused powers of mind,
The subtle laws that rule the finer realm,
Abandoning the lesser aims that blind,
The grosser joys that dull and overwhelm.

This dawning century would bring to light
The deepest truths for which we vainly grope;
Would open up new worlds to human sight,
In large fulfillment of our highest hope."



BOOK CHATS

IN ONE of Emerson's essays occurs this sentence: "There is properly no history; only biography." This idea is being increasingly accepted in the light of contemporary events, and a Chicagoan, Herbert V. Prochnow, has done a biographical anthology which occupies a place all its own. His book, entitled "Great Stories From Great Lives," published in May by Harpers, belongs in every library.

Mr. Prochnow is one of those unusual men who finds it possible to work effectively in more than one sphere. He is the assistant vice-president of the First National Bank of Chicago, which fact in itself affirms his ability in the sphere of banking, but his interests outside of his bank are devoted to literature and public speaking. In both fields he has achieved most merited success. His book "The Public Speakers' Treasure Chest," I have found most valuable as a source for illustrations in my own work. Every public speaker whose standards require authenticity in illustration can go to this book without hesitancy. He has also written two more specialized volumes and many articles for the better magazines.

This latest book, "Great Stories From Great Lives," is a worthy companion to his first book and consists of a gallery of portraits taken from famous biographies. The only original writing which Mr. Prochnow does in the book is the comment he makes concerning the selections, and which is used as a preface to the extract from the biography chosen. There are 83 selections from 60 biographies, written by many of the most distinguished biographers of our time.

Mr. Prochnow says that each author was asked to select what he believes is the single greatest story in one of his significant biographies. Carl Sandburg, our greatest authority on Lincoln, was asked to choose what he believes is the greatest story in his four-volume work on Lincoln. I can imagine the difficulty which Carl Sandburg must have had, but was not surprised when he chose the twenty pages covering the delivery of the Gettysburg Address, which opens the book.

The fields covered in the biographical selections represent many diversified interests, such as medicine, music, law, sports, business, government and aviation. As I read the book I couldn't help but envisage the almost incalculable amount of biographical reading which the author must have done in order to give us this great volume; and upon inquiry he told me that he had read over 2,000 biographies in order to make the selections; and I know of no work of comparable value and importance.

Some of the sixty biographies represented, besides the one mentioned, are those of Mr. Justice Holmes; Lou Gehrig; Fanny Kemble; Napoleon; The Doctors Mayo; Einstein; Dickens; Marconi; Heine; Hamilton; Clara Barton; Bolivar; Edison; Emerson; William Allen White; Stephen A. Douglas; Alexander The Great; Will Rogers; Franklin; Macaulay; Wilson; Clarence Darrow; Pascal; Giants Gone, Men Who Made Chicago; and he closes with a selection from Spencer's great biography, Beyond Damascus, which deals with the life of Paul.

The book is truly not one book, but the best of sixty books, and we are all

of us indebted to Mr. Prochnow and the biographers for giving us what they consider the best of their biographies.

* * *

Ever since I first read a book written by Rufus M. Jones I have wanted to meet him and hear him. This long desire was fulfilled one Sunday evening this Spring when I was privileged to hear him at the Sunday Evening Club in Chicago. He is one of America's most valuable citizens and one of the greatest influences in the life of this nation. Dr. Jones is now in his eightieth year and the author of fifty books, the last of which was published in April—a book entitled "The Radiant Life," published by The Macmillan Company.

Dr. Jones was born in a small Quaker community in the State of Maine. His most youthful impressions were those of the Quaker Meeting. He entered Haverford College and was graduated in 1885, then spent a year abroad in study at Heidelberg and other educational centers. There were other trips to Europe as well as a year at Oxford. He returned to the United States and was soon Professor of Philosophy at his alma mater, where he has had a long and distinguished career. He is now Professor Emeritus and spends his time lecturing and writing.

This book, "The Radiant Life," comes at a most opportune moment. The book is in the same mood of constructive and creative interpretation of life given in his previous book, "New Eyes For Invisibles." The first chapter was given on the William Ayres Lectureship in Lansing, Michigan, a lectureship upon which I, also, have had the privilege of appearing. The chapter entitled "The Spell of Immortality" was given as the Ingersoll lecture at Harvard University.

I know of no more valuable book for those who are experiencing the full impact of this hour. Dr. Jones faces realistically the whole present situation and is fully conversant with the nature of the crisis upon us all. With clarity and vision, with serenity and quietness he reveals the potential resources of the individual, and how one can adequately help in the re-building of a broken world.

Dr. Jones and the Quakers, of whom he is the most distinguished representative, have the respect and confidence of the entire world, and The Friends' service motto is one which each of us could adopt for our own: "It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness."

Vibrating from every page is a serene confidence that out of this all will come something unimaginably better in the years which are ahead. As I listened to Dr. Jones that Sunday evening I felt the reverberations of the depths of his great soul and heart. This same quality he has been able to project in his writing, for his style is one of lucidity and literary excellency.

No matter what one's personal, religious or political loyalty might be, here is a book which will lift one away from the heat and passion of argument and dialectics into the broad plateau lands of enduring and eternal truth.

* * *

The war has brought before us the strategic importance of Alaska and the Aleutian Islands. Although Alaska has been a part of the United States for a long time, few people are familiar with the history of Alaska, and particularly that phase of Alaskan history of the period when Alaska was a part of Russia. So far as I know, Mildred Masterson McNeilly is the first to have given us in the form of a most exciting novel, this history of Alaska in the 18th century. The author was born and brought up her family on a ranch in Kittitas

County, Washington. She and her husband and nine-year-old daughter now live in Alaska where she says that after the war, "We are to be permanently at home, somewhere in the most beautiful country in the world on the North Pacific rim."

Mrs. McNeilly has had a varied writing career, and her great interest in Alaska came from her experience in the newspaper field. She worked on "Western Features," the "Seattle Star," the "Seattle Post-Intelligencer" and the "Yakima Daily Republic." As a part of her newspaper activities she was often given the assignment to meet ships from Alaska. This opportunity enabled her to meet many people from the territory, from the Governor to the Colonists of Matanuska. She then made a trip which many Americans have made up the inside passage. This deepened her interest in Alaska and she started collecting and assembling every bit of material which she could find on Alaska and on Alexander Baranov, who headed the expedition as the newly appointed head of the powerful Shelihov Fur Company. It is around the character of Donilo Chernov, who helped the great Baranov build an empire, that this fascinating and exciting novel is written. As most of the material on Baranov was in Russian, six years ago Mrs. McNeilly began the study of the Russian language. The book "Heaven Is Too High" is the result of this study, research, and of her great love for Alaska and the people who made its history.

Fleeing from Catherine the Great of Russia, Count Chernov sailed from Russia for the unconquered world of Alaska and the Aleutians. Joining Baranov through a voyage which included storm, disease and shipwreck, this young aristocrat of St. Petersburg found a new world and a new life. In the midst of all their troubles, coming from Indian raids, the antagonisms of other fur companies, the struggles which they endured, their cry was "Heaven is too high and the Czar is too far."

Donilo soon gave all of his energies to the new land, making long voyages along the coast, trading with the Indians, establishing the settlements and trading posts always further toward the East, and there he found the lovely and beautiful Marya, and out of all this background the author has woven, with a texture of literary excellency, a novel which, as literature and history, will meet a great need in enabling the reader to understand and appreciate more than we do all that has entered into the making of modern Alaska.

One cannot read this book without appreciation for the far-seeing men of the United States who, against criticism and attack finally purchased Alaska for what proved to be an insignificant sum, compared with the wealth which was there and the importance which it now occupies for the protection and safety of this nation and our good neighbor, Canada. The importance of Alaska is just now beginning to be recognized and this novel, written with fervor, enthusiasm and historical fidelity, was never more needed.

* * *

There are many evidences that there is a resurgence of interest in religion, but there is no surer evidence than the unprecedented number of books which are being published dealing with religion. This is true in every medium of literary form,—the novel, the essay, the play, the poem, biography and autobiography. Many of the writers are not engaged in any type of professional religious activity. They are not priests, or ministers or rabbis, but more and more men and women of the writing professions are giving us significant and important books in

which religion is the theme, and it is not being presented in any narrow, sectarian mode.

No man writing at the moment is having more of a vogue than C. S. Lewis, who since 1925 has been Fellow and Tutor of Magdalen College, Oxford, where he lectures on English literature. One of his books, "The Allegory of Love," won the Hawthornden Prize in 1936.

Mr. Lewis was born in Belfast in 1898, and served in the Somerset Light Infantry during the last war. My introduction to him was a little book called "The Screwtape Letters," recently published, and I challenge you or any other reader to pick it up and put it down until you have read straight through. This most unusual little book is the most unique presentation of the old problem of the struggle for the soul of man between the forces of evil and the forces of good. "Screwtape" was an official in his Satanic Majesty's Lowerarchy. The letters were written to "Wormwood," his nephew, who is a junior devil on earth, and the letters consist in telling "Wormwood" how he can instruct the patient of earth so he will not run the danger of becoming a truly religious man.

Nowhere in literature is this theme dealt with as it is dealt with in the Screwtape Letters. They are witty, brimming with satire and portray the whole spiritual struggle; and no matter what the reader's personal loyalties in religion might be, he will find here the most revealing approach.

* * *

Mr. Lewis is one of the most popular broadcasters on the BBC, and another small book of his, consisting of these broadcasts, is "Christian Behaviour," a book which has received universal acceptance throughout the world. When you consider that Mr. Lewis is not a clergyman, and has passed through the whole evolution of religious thinking from materialism to the acceptance of the truth of Christianity, his books become all the more significant. Here is one challenging thought from him which I quote: "Modern beliefs erroneously twist the statement 'God is Love' to mean 'God is soft.' The fact is," he said, "it means he is inexorable. He wants you to do whatever he wants you to do at whatever cost to yourself." The rapidly growing interest in these books among all general readers in this country indicates that people are interested in the understanding and application of religious truth to the whole area of human life.

Mr. Lewis does not confine himself to the field of the essay or the publishing of broadcast addresses, but there was also published this spring in this country a novel entitled "Perelandra," which, by the norm of what constitutes great novel writing is destined to become one of the most widely-read of all contemporary novels, and will outlast most of them. He uses as a character a Dr. Ransom, who was also the hero of his popular book "Out of the Silent Planet," and transports him to Venus or, as its inhabitants call it, Perelandra, a world of sweet smells and delicious tastes, where beasts are friendly and beauty unashamed. In his creation of the new Garden of Eden he re-enacts the ancient story with an entirely different interpretation of the temptation as the great exception.

The story is pure fantasy, but moves in the environment of controlled imagination, and is filled with lyric phrases of religious and philosophical content.

If all this sounds as though the books were involved and profound and, therefore, difficult for the general reader, I cannot emphasize too strongly that they are nothing of the sort. His novel "Perelandra" would appeal

to any reader who demands of his novel a good story, interestingly and adequately told, possessing fine characterization, a most unusual plot, and sustaining the interest to a dramatic and striking conclusion.

* * *

Unusual and emergency conditions inevitably produce new voices and new personalities. One of the newest voices to speak out with astounding clearness and frankness in this present hour is that of Eric Johnston, a young man who, immediately after his election to the presidency of the United States Chamber of Commerce, evidenced an unusual capacity for understanding economic, industrial, political and governmental problems. As the elected representative of over 600,000 business men, one would suspicion that his interests are primarily those of his own group. He soon, by written word and public expression, dissipated any such conception of his position as the head of this important group of American businessmen, and late in May he published a book entitled "America Unlimited."

Eric Johnston is a new type of leader. He is neither an ultra-conservative and obviously could not be a radical and hold the position which he does. He is straightforward in his conception of what constitutes American freedom and opportunity. There is no verbiage or foggy thinking in the presentation of his thesis. In his book he handles frankly and adventuresomely some important issues on our whole national scene; taxes, struggle between individualism and statism, and the inter-dependence of labor, management and agriculture. His chapter on "Quacks and Cure-Alls" is one which should be read, it seems to me, by every American who is desirous of preserving the fundamentals of our American technique. He leans neither to the right nor to the left, but his philosophy is "Go straight ahead."

You are going to hear more from Eric Johnston, much more. He is doing as careful, analytical and at the same time creative thinking as is being done by any man in American public life today. His whole attitude, as expressed in his book "America Unlimited," evidences his complete familiarity with the problems involved. This is essential for clear thinking, and the book "America Unlimited" is an authentic presentation of what he calls "The Case for a People's Capitalism."

As he is one of the newest of constructive voices, certain reservations perhaps ought to be made, but he indicates what may be the future trend of our American way of life.

* * *

Never did so many unknown places mean so much to so many people as now. This planetary war has made us all geography-conscious, and no writer has done a better job in acquainting us with some of these unknown places than has Hawthorne Daniel. Late in the spring appeared his "Islands of the East Indies"—a companion volume to his valuable book "Islands of the Pacific." These islands will play an increasingly important part in future world stability and thousands of American boys will bring home with them their experiences among them.

Mr. Daniel in his latest book begins with New Guinea and continues with the Moluccas, Celebes, Lesser Sundras, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, the Philippines and others, and that we may the better understand the islands, he has also incorporated the principal facts concerning northern Australia, the Malay Peninsula, Indo-China, Thailand and Burma. Here are the importat facts concerning the location, physical appearance, topography and climate, fauna and flora, peoples, languages, re-

sources and government, together with splendid maps which assist the reader in visualizing these islands, islands which have been the lands of spice, of temple bells and indescribable beauty.

This book enables us to know of the harbors and of ports, of mountains, rivers, forests and jungles, of natural resources and populations, of climate and health, wild life and seasons.

The author writes with clarity and distinction, and possesses the altogether too uncommon ability in books of this character, of vitalizing statistics and figures until they possess romantic significance, without the mutilation of fact.

Undoubtedly after the peace is established there will be opportunities for visiting little known places in the world, among them the Islands of the East Indies will lure many a traveler. The strategic importance of the islands is emphasized in the book and the reader forms a much clearer conception of the why and wherefore of present military operations.

The eighth chapter, which he devotes to the Philippines, is one we have long needed. This great archipelago consists of 7,083 islands, and those of us who have friends and loved ones in the Pacific campaign will be able to have, because of the fine book of Hawthorne Daniel, a better comprehension of what they are going through, and the environment in which they engage in war. The planetary character of the war is bringing to many people for the first time a realization of geographic structures. Places, names, cities, islands, rivers, mountains, which most of us never even dreamed existed have become important, until the most irresistible thing in a person's study today is a globe. A better comprehension of the world is given by a globe than by any flat map ever printed, and it is books like this which will enable us to form a better understanding of our physical earth, that we might the better build its cultural and spiritual unity. We think of our nation as physically large, but one island alone, that of New Guinea, is almost as long as from New York City to Denver, while the island of Boreno is 24,000 square miles larger than the State of Texas. Facts like these almost take our breath away, but they also create a new meaning for the potentiality of this earth. I recommend the book heartily and unreservedly. P. B.

Say not the struggle nought availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain.
The enemy faints not nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

And not by Eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright!

Arthur H. Clough

Send Your Gift By

OCTOBER 15th

Watch the date! Gifts to men and women in service overseas must be mailed by October 15th. Package must weigh no more than five pounds, and must not exceed 36 inches in length and girth combined. Only one package a week may be mailed by any one person. Watch the date! Don't disappoint them!

For those who have no one overseas to remember, there are convalescing boys here at home. Ask for Mrs. A. S. Kredler in the church lobby. She has attractive Christmas bags, to be filled for the wounded in hospitals. Her 'phone number is Keystone 6233.

THE BAZAAR!

Will You Help?

Two short months, and then—Anderson Hall of The Peoples Church will be filled with comfortable, happy, busy people;—comfortable, because they will have just finished eating a good dinner prepared under the competent management of the Woman's Club of The Peoples Church; happy, because they will be meeting and visiting with friends, some of whom they will not have seen perhaps since the last Bazaar, a year ago in December (for there are always many radio friends who come to the Bazaar from all parts of the city who do not find it possible to be regular church attendants, except "on the air"). And everyone will be busy, whether looking for pretty gifts and practical things to buy, or whether standing behind the attractive booths and selling the things the others buy.

Will you not have a part in this necessary and useful activity of our church? You have only two months until December 7th and 8th. Keep the Bazaar in mind, won't you? Make your donation early!

The Editors.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

BACK to Chicago—and the beginning of a new season. Yes, we have come back to the city with its heavy atmosphere and its street voices of honking automobile horns and purring motors; to people and their innumerable problems; to telephones and steam heat and scarcity of window washers! But we are grateful for the park and the walks we may take there, enjoying the autumn sunshine slanting through thinly clad branches, touching leaves of amber, yellow and crimson, making splashes of colorful light, like sun shining through colored glass windows. I love to walk through the drifts of fallen leaves along the paths and scattered over the grass, raked up daily, with more to fill their places on the morrow. Little gray squirrels scamper through the leaves as though they enjoyed them too.

The air is scented with what I always term "autumn odors." There is that which arises from the damp ground under the fallen leaves, and different still is the scent from dry leaves crunched under one's footsteps. And added to those, today I sniffed the cloying sweetness of fruit juice boiling for "jell"—and that delightfully pungent aroma which rises from vinegar cooking with sugar and spices for pickles. What is there about these particular odors wafted on the autumn air that awakens memories of one's early childhood? The slightest scent of spicy pickles or jelly in the making transports me many years and many miles—back to a large, old-fashioned kitchen opening onto a lovely garden where I perhaps would be playing with my dolls, held there by the fascinatingly delicious odors emanating through the open door, the flower garden basking in the warm, hazy autumn sunshine, seemingly dreaming the last dreams of summer,—and I, begging frequent "tastes" of pickle or crackers or jelly on bread (home-made bread it was, too, with luscious golden brown crust!) Mary, the roly-poly Irish cook, and grandmother and mother would all be enveloped in stiffly starched, ruffled aprons, with sashlike bows tied in the back, their faces wearing expressions of interest, importance and—I was about to say pleasure and I believe that was it, for I think they really enjoyed the "preserving time" of the year, and filling the fruit closet shelves with all the jars of "jell" and preserves, jams and "butters," pickles and sauces and relishes!

Thinking of these things, with spicy scents still teasing my nostrils, I passed a large building where "evening primroses" (or "four o'clocks" some call them) were planted across the front and were in full bloom, their heavy fragrance carrying some distance.

These old-fashioned border flowers are always a part of the autumn—and so, too, are "snow berries." White and glossy like ivory, clustered in their dark green leaves, bushes of them form the foundation planting of a building nearby. I noticed all these signs of Fall on my walk today, as I tried to adjust my thinking to the city!

The Peoples Church opened services for the 33rd Season on Sunday, September 17th. A large congregation gave Dr. Bradley a warm greeting and welcome home! Everyone seemed happy to be back in church and the atmosphere carried a triumphant note all the way through. Dr. Bradley looked sun-tanned and considerably rested. He was buoyant in spirit and preached a powerful sermon on the subject "A Pattern For Freedom." Large bouquets of white gladiolus with pale pink asters graced the platform either side of the pulpit. The choir was in excellent form, a credit indeed to Mr. Jorgensen, director and organist. So it is the church and its activities have opened to a good start, the winter's work lies ahead. It doubtless will be a very difficult one—certainly a challenge and an opportunity.

* * *

Now we will look at the Mail Bag. A letter written on the Fourth of July from Hawaii by one of our boys is extremely interesting I think. It was mislaid in the wrong file or it would have been published in this column at an earlier date. Here it is—truly as breezy as a "Seabee!"—

"Dear Dr. Bradley:—Greetings from your Seabee. I am at present in Hawaii—and enjoy myself thoroughly. This is a beautiful place and the illusions all boys received from movie pictures—about Waikiki, Honolulu, Oahu and all the other sights, really have come true. The people here seem to appreciate "America" and what it stands for just a bit more than the folks at home. I don't say the home folks are unpatriotic, but they take a lot for granted that the Hawaiians found endangered in 1941. So, on Sundays, special mention of thanks—a bit like in the Peoples Church—is made for liberties and freedoms only true in America, and not only on Fourth of July.

"Last Sunday I had a wonderful time. One of my mates took me along to 'his' church (he was there once before!)—the Harris Memorial Methodist church of Honolulu. It was especially nice for us, because the Chaplain preaching the sermon was a young and fiery Navy Chaplain, who reminded me very much of you. Afraid of nothing and no one, he gave an optimistic, challenging sermon on 'Freedom and Faith' which sounded very much like a 'P. B. affair,' was extemporaneous and very encouraging. Imagine the setting:—the church—a mixed renaissance-Roman style building, light paint and stone, rather small; the congregation—mostly Chinese and Hawaiians as far as civilians were concerned, but almost completely overshadowed by Navy boys and Seabees. The song books were partly printed in Japanese, which indicates the big *ex*-Japanese population of Honolulu. Enclosed is a program of that service.

"We were all surprised about the singing. Evidently that pastor does not need a choir. Everybody sings well—or tries his best in fortissimo at least. Sounds pretty well. The pastor is Chinese (or looks so.) It's very hard for us to discriminate between Chinese, Japs, Hawaiian hybrids, etc. I hope you don't mind my taking up your time with all these details—but I felt like writing you, just as much as I felt as if I heard your voice, rather than over WJJD—from that Navy Chaplain.

You'll see his name on the program. I wonder if he, by any chance, is or was a student of yours. He speaks the same way, uses similar gestures, quotations, subjects, as well as everything else connected with a good sermon. Just as we used to feel in Chicago on Sunday afternoon, we again felt so good the rest of the day that we determined to give this church chances for repeat performances. So you see, even though you may go on a vacation in a less remote spot than Hawaii, your boys will never lose sight of you and your church, because you are in our thoughts.

"Very best regards and good wishes for a nice vacation, also for Mrs. Bradley. Your Seabee, Gerhard H. Wegner."

* * *

The following is a short note, but it says a great deal:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: My thoughts often turn to you and I think of what a fine life you've led in helping thousands to a better way of living. When our nation entered the war I thanked God for you, because you have lifted us above hate and fear.

"I am enclosing a poem I have written as a tribute to you. With every good wish, sincerely yours, Adelaide Carney."

(Lack of space prevents publishing the poem.)

* * *

The most pathetic letter I ever read, Doctor received recently. A Gold Star mother, whose suffering, grief and thoughts could not find expression in words—wrote only a note—she could not say more (dear soul!) She said:

"Dear Dr. Bradley: The worst news that a mother could possibly receive reached me Sunday morning. Dr. Bradley, with faith such as our Bill had, as well as mine, how could such a thing happen? I'm at a loss to try and figure it out. I do wish you'd try and come to see us soon. Remember Bill's poems I sent you? Enclosed find same and please return them to me. I am a sorrowful mother. Mrs. J. McShane."

I am going to give you the poem composed by this young hero, Lt. Wm. McShane (killed in England), Squadron Navigator in an Eighth Air Force Liberator Station, England, group cited for distinguished and outstanding service in 100 combat missions over Europe. He was a lead navigator on a B-24 bomber and was expecting a promotion to Captaincy. In the last letter home he stated he would probably be home on leave in August. Here is the poem:

"Give me strength and courage, Lord,
So that I may do my best.
Give me the heart of a Biblical martyr
To meet my manly test.

I need the braveness of David, Lord,
And of Daniel in the den;
Without Thy divine help I'm one lost soul,
Just a boy among the men.

Give me power to see the truth, Lord,
As only Thou can do.
Bestow upon me faith and hope;
Elevate my mind and heart anew.

If Thou wilt grant these blessings, Lord,
I'll do my best to abide;
And when this brief earthly stay doth end,
I'll find my place by Thy side."

* * *

With this we will close the Mail Bag. Please do write. Don't you know Dr. Bradley needs inspiration, too? He gets a lot from your letters!

AND - KEEP - ON - THE - BEAM!

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send $1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your $1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year, beginning with the current number.

Enclosed find Check____ Money Order____ **for $1.50.**

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... **State**.....

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Center of Allied Arts

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN, Director

1219 N. LaSalle Street Whitehall 5257

✦ ✦ ✦

October Production—
"PORT OF CHICAGO"

By Alice Gerstenberg and Herma Clark

Fridays and Saturdays—8:30 p.m.

✦ ✦ ✦

SEASON 1944-45

"QUIET SUNDAY" Marion Guyton and E. Virginia Smith
"PORT OF CHICAGO" Alice Gerstenberg—Herma Clark
"FOOTLIGHTS AND FANFARE" Original Musical Revue
"A PRINCE OF A FELLOW" Mary Blum
"UNCLE VANYA" Anton Chekhov
"TAMING OF THE SHREW" William Shakespeare
"LONDON TOWN" Alice Gerstenberg
And two current Broadway releases

✦ ✦ ✦

The revised, 1944 version of "Port of Chicago," the historical play by Herma Clark and Alice Gerstenberg, which caused so much interest last year, will be the October production and is being repeated by popular request. The first settlers, the old Tremont House, the Chicago fire, the Potter Palmer Mansion, and Chicago at the present time, are just a few of its many scenes. Beautiful, authentic costumes of these periods lend color and interest to this spectacular production, as do the original sets designed by Marvyn Harbert.

The Uptown Players have had their share in Chicago's history, for this will mark the opening of their twentieth year of activity under the direction of their founder, J. Bradley-Griffin, and in that time they have won many awards for their contribution to the cultural life of the city, including the Edith Rockefeller McCormick cup and the Friends of Literature award. Tyrone Power, Melvyn Douglas and Hugh Marlowe, who will soon be seen in the "Voice of the Turtle" are only a few on the list of famous actors who were former members of the group, and Mrs. Bror Dahlberg, producer of "Rebecca" was once a player. A long list of more recent members are now appearing on Broadway, and hardly a week passes without at least one of the group being called to the legitimate stage or Hollywood. The Uptown Players too are proud of their Honor Roll of members now in the service of their country.

Patrons List limited to 300. Write for Request Card.

Choice seats WILL BE RESERVED FOR PATRONS at every performance.

Honor Roll

Arthur J. Williams
Harold E. Hansen
John L. Freitag
George Freitag
Cpl. Howard Wentz
Lt. Kurt Proud
Kurt Meyer
*Lt. George Formanek, Jr.
Lloyd Blue, Jr.
Howard Carlseen
Clinton R. Sipe
Dr. Henry C. Johannes
Edward W. Nonnenbruch
Wm. Robert DeWees
Harold Ingersoll
H. John Tinling
Yale W. Rowley
Cpl. Wendell Estal
Winslow Heg
Maj. Herbert Bluhm
Ben C. Bluhm
Douglas L. Palo
Capt. James H. Meyer
Robert H. Meyer
Lester G. Riley
Sgt. William F. Hobbs
Duane R. Terry
Frank G. Christ
Richard P. Strand
Norman P. Anderson
Arthur E. Toepfer
Robert Murphy
Robert Olson
Frans Eronson
Forrest A. Oldenburg
James Code
Henry Willeumier
Robert John Wendland
Sgt. William V. Myers
**Alfred Taylor
Robert E. Gill
George John Smith
Hans Kramer
Howard C. Nelson
Howard Berhalter
Charles Boaz
William Schroeder
Charles Walska
James Schneller
Jacob Estes Replogle
Harry S. Gray
William Berglund
George E. Kruskopf
William J. Wenger
Walter Moran
Jay Merrick
Cpl. Charles Fuss
Robert Plumley
*Charles C. Crane
Robert Baumann
E. Kokoefer
Donald J. Norris
Robert L. Hangel
Elwood E. Kiltz
Lt. Carroll D. York

Mary Louise Sweet
Leslie J. Walker
Robert Hannum
J. C. LaPointe
Arthur J. Kredler, Jr.
Robert K. Schnorr
Rudolph E. Salamon
LeRoy Adams
Franklyn Adams
L. C. Rowley
Robert J. Hansen
Clyde F. Bower
Edward P. Brosious
Donald W. Brosious
Tom Henderson
J. Bryant Shoberg
Daniel Arthur Needham
Arthur Quesnall
David Ettelson
George Felch
Virgil Drew Widener
G. Andrey
William Henderson
William H. Parlette
Capt. Andrew Haban
John H. Hagen
Lawrence Johnson
Cpl. James Kosner
William James Walters
Wayne P. Blue
Martin Sauser
William Sauser
Florence M. Moore
Edward Paschal
Robert Weeger
Ruth Leffler
Harry G. Nelson
George G. Eddy, Jr.
Tommy Bartlett
William James Walters
Elmer M. Wiederer
Marie Tilles
Robert H. Wiggins
Lt. Robert L. Eldred
Charles Paige
Harry DuMont
Sgt. Clee S. Post
Lt. Fred H. Kreutzer
Tom Lee Woods
Stf. Sgt. Geo. F. Arms
Raymond Mostek
Robert E. Poquette
Walter Scott Sexton
Sgt. Roy O. Lawson
Gerhard Wegner
Andrew C. Wilson
Bruce W. Vespermann
Carl W. Voigtritter
Philip R. Strand
Capt. Donald Yous
Richard Miller
Sgt. James W. Buchanan
Jean Thompson
2nd Lt. Pauline M. Plummer, R. N.

Marvin I. Edelhart
Frank M. Shurman
Betty Best Hurley
Robert Wood, Jr.
Thomas Wood, Jr.
John Hendrich
Rudolph Lichtenebert
Charles Wesche, Jr.
Orville Wesche
Winifred Klippel
Jim Phillips
Sgt. William R. Hurley
Robert C. Stippe
June Blair Lauletta
Fred H. Goetz, Jr.
Stanley Kredler
R. B. Byron
Henry Pfaff, Jr.
James R. Victorin
Daniel Jack Woods
Sidney Weinberg
Mark Alan Miles
Cpl. Harold W. Hoots
Carl Leonard Fishman
June Fuss
Betty Philbrick
E. J. Wilkins
Leslie Merrill
Earl Palmer
James M. Woods, Jr.
Betty Droth
Harold Anderson
W. Ross Williamson
Noel Dudley Gregg
Robert D. Gregg
Robert Osterberg
Lt. Carlton H. Marsh
Kenneth R. Ball
Lt. Marjorie Schulten
Calvin C. Kemper
Mary Alice Yarrington
Philip Langley
Gordon Robert Burkhard
Gordon R. Dahlstrom
Marvyn F. Harbert
Anton Novotny
Richard B. Miller
John M. Miller
Clarence W. Palo
Alfred C. Palo
Richard Arthur Arnopol
Robert Dwinell
James H. Roof
Frank Anderson
William R. Gau
Harold R. Miller
Vincent William Larsen
Sarah Parks McCord
W. A. Molzahn
Sgt. Robert Harling
Arthur Schumacher
Mary Willeumier
Arthur Bluhm
Ens. Robert W. Scholler
Lt. Mario Cappelli, Jr.

*Killed in action. **Reported missing at sea.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD) ..... 11:00 a.m.

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE—Opening Nov. 5th (Not Broadcast) .. 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Anderson Hall .. 9:30 a.m.

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES—Opening Nov. 1st .... 8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening, Church Auditorium. 7:30 p.m.

RED CROSS UNIT—Every Thursday in Anderson Hall..9:30 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB—Monday, Oct. 9th, Anderson Hall, Peoples Church .. 1:00 p.m.
American Citizenship Day, Miss Ethel Fowler, Chairman; "America's Historical Dream," in Music and Drama; Mrs. Mary Conen and Musical Artists.

Thursday, Oct. 19th, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
Homecoming Card Party, Chairman, Mrs. George Clark, Philanthropy.

Monday, October 23rd, Anderson Hall ..... 1:00 p.m.
Education Day, Miss Adelaide M. Thomason, Chairman; Discussion of "Moline Plan," by Student Group from Lake Forest College; Music by Von Steuben High School Choir, Clare John Thomas, Director.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB—*Opening Reception Wednesday*, October 11th, Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle Street ..... 8:00 p.m.

Book Review by Dr. Preston Bradley

Honored Guests—Members of the Board of Trustees of the Peoples Church and their wives: Mr. William M. Stickney, Mr. and Mrs. C. K. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Mr. John Langhoff, Mr. and Mrs. John N. Powell, Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Roubinek, Jr.; J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. and Mary Clarke, Secretary-Treasurer of The Uptown Players; Mrs. Preston Bradley, Hon. Pres., and Miss Dorothea Thompson, Past Pres., Business Woman's Club. Mrs. Bradley and Mary Clarke, presiding at the tea tables. Miss Ruth Kruskopf, Pres., Chairman; Miss Ethel Wells Smalley, Program Chairman; Miss Gertrude Kruskopf, Social Chairman.

Monday, October 16—Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
President's Membership Night, Mrs. H. B. Eddins, Chairman; Miss Elvira Keegan, Co-Chairman. "An Artful Evening" (Regular meeting nights—1st and 3rd Mondays.)

MEN'S CLUB—Fourth Monday night of each month, Anderson Hall ... 8:00 p.m.
Sec.—J. A. Ericksen, 947 Lawrence Ave., Sun. 4624.

USHERS' CLUB—Every other Thursday night of each month, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.
Sec.—Wm. Emrich, 949 Lawrence Ave., Ard. 4462.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas. The Uptown Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257. (See Special Schedule, page 22 of this issue.)

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., D.D.
Student Assistant, John K. Hammon
1214 E. 57th St. Hyde Park 5913

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

William M. Stickney, President
1337 W. Fargo Ave. Bri. 6000
Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Vice President
5550 Kenmore Ave. Longbeach 9160
Thos. A. Harrison, Sec'y-Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. Longbeach 6878
May H. Harrison, Secretary
941 Lawrence Ave. Longbeach 6878

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

C. K. Anderson — John Langhoff
C. W. Denicke — John N. Powell
Thos. A. Harrison — Mrs. J. J. Reynolds
H. B. Hunter — E. L. Roubinek, Jr.
William M. Stickney

COMMITTEE—Finance Committee

Mr. Thos. A. Harrison, Chairman
Mr. C. K. Anderson
Mr. E. L. Roubinek, Jr.

Church Service Committee

Mr. E. L. Roubinek, Jr., Chairman
All members of the Board assisting
Mrs. E. L. Roubinek, Jr., Floral Chairman

Auditing Committee

Mr. H. B. Hunter, Chairman
Mr. John N. Powell

Social Committee

Mrs. J. J. Reynolds, Chairman
Mr. John Langhoff — Mrs. W. Kroll
Mrs. A. S. Kredler — Mr. Roger Miller
Mr. H. W. Vickerson

Membership Committee

Mr. John N. Powell, Chairman
Miss Mary Clarke — Mr. Victor Miller
Mr. Jack Kolinen — Miss Ruth Kruskopf
Mrs. Frank Bryan — Miss Mary Willeumier

Contributions and Pledges Committee

Mrs. May H. Harrison
Mrs. H. B. Hunter
Mrs. E. L. Roubinek, Jr.

Literature Table Mrs. Frank Bryan

MUSICAL DIRECTORY

Philip Jorgensen, Dir. of Music-Organist
400 Deming Place Div. 4400

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Jack E. Kolinen, Acting Superintendent
4336 N. Richmond St. Mon. 1224
Miss Betty Boaz, Treasurer
929 Lakeside Place Edg. 3797
Mrs. Clara Kolinen, Secretary
4336 N. Richmond St. Ind. 0315

USHERS' CLUB

Roy H. Monson, President
4326 Bobolink Terrace, Skokie, Ill.
Victor G. Miller, Vice-President
4861 N. Paulina St. (40) Rav. 2383
Earl Neindorf, Treasurer
1517 School St. (13) Lak. 7267
Wm. Emrich, Secretary
949 Lawrence Ave. (40) Ard. 0983
James Woods, Sergeant-at-Arms
947 Lawrence Ave. (40) Ard. 4462

WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Preston Bradley, Honorary President
941 Lawrence Ave. Lon. 6878
Mrs. Wyllys W. Hagen, President
2908 Estes Ave. Rog. 5046
Mrs. Clyde Bassler, Vice-President
1200 Judson Ave., Evanston Davis 8226
Mrs. O. N. Naylor, Rec. Secretary
1337 Fargo Ave. Bri. 6000
Miss Mabel E. Byrnes, Corr. Secretary
1252 Glenlake Ave. Bri. 5308
Mrs. H. B. Hunter, Treasurer
2304 Farwell Ave. Amb. 0561

Directors

Mrs. George Clark, Mrs. Charles L. Roberts, Mrs. Roy H. Monson, Miss Irene E. Wolf and Mrs. A. S. Kredler.

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Miss Ruth Kruskopf, President
6609 N. Campbell Ave. Bri. 9035
Miss Dorothy Young, Vice-President
1717 Chicago Ave., Evanston Gre. 6168
Mrs. Jane Jones, Rec. Secretary
1261 Argyle St. Ard. 9301
Miss Grace Rozanski, Corr. Secretary
1434 Thome Ave. Bri. 6914
Miss Dolly Kolberg, Treasurer
5449 N. Glenwood Ave. Sun. 6850

MEN'S CLUB

C. A. Bradley, President
5016 N. Sheridan, Apt. C Edg. 5336
Frank Spamer, Vice-President
1369 N. Hudson Wel. 6043
William Emrich, Treasurer
949 Lawrence Ave. Ard. 0983
J. A. Ericksen, Secretary
4108 N. Hermitage Ave. Well. 5980

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director
The Uptown Players Center
1219 N. LaSalle St. Whi. 5257

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION COUNCIL

Miss Adelaide M. Thomason, Chairman
Sheridan-Plaza Hotel Ard. 4526

Books By
Dr. Preston Bradley

"Courage For Today"
—BOBBS-MERRILL—$1.50

"Mastering Fear"
—BOBBS-MERRILL—$1.50

"Power From Right Thinking"
—BOBBS-MERRILL—$1.50

"Life and You"
—HARPERS—$1.50

"New Wealth For You"
—STOKES—$1.50

"Meditations"
—PULPIT PRAYERS—$1.00

"My Daily Strength" (New)
—DAILY INSPIRATIONAL READINGS
AND PRAYERS——$1.00

At All Booksellers Everywhere

Books For These Days